

OBITUARY.

Amid the clash of falling mortality the passing away of time and all earthly environments, we are made to note the silent tread of that last enemy, who holds in his hand the inevitable sceptre of destruction, and at whose bidding the heart that has for these long years been drumming the life march of earth, has ceased to perform its functions. Thus another spirit has returned unto God who gave it.

Still with eyes overflowing with tears, and a heart full of emotion and sadness I write these lines as a last tribute of respect to the sacred memory of a departed father, whose association during his last days of earth I had not the privilege of enjoying, and at whose obsequies I failed to be present.

The sad thought of that evening when I received the information of his death, I say, "Your father is dead!" Knowing that he was then buried, O, to realize that I am now an orphan. The face and form that I have always met on visiting the old home of my childhood, and who always met me with a fatherly welcome, is gone forever. No more can I see him, a dear old friend, under the parental roof and hear him read from the old family Bible, and offer a prayer for his wandering boy.

The tongue that has been ever ready to give my counsel, the hand that guided my footsteps and the eye that has ever watched with vigilance my pathway, is now silent to death. Now I can say farewell to a dear old earthly friend! For he has entered the fruition of his immortality. He has answered the morning call of eternity. He has heard the master say: "It is enough; come up higher."

ANDREW KASH, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1814, in the town of Morgan, now in Morgan (then Morgan) county, Ky., on Sept. 4th, 1814, and died at his home about two miles from his birthplace, on the 3rd day of April, 1894. Had he lived till the following day he would have been 74 years and seven months old. His father was Caleb Kash, one of the first emigrants to Kentucky, who settled in Eastern Kentucky.

His occupation being that of a farmer his life had always been quiet and unassuming, never having any aspirations for an office of any kind. He was married at Hazel Green, Ky., on the 2nd day of February, 1840, to Miss Frances M. Culver, of Bell county, Kentucky. Rev. Joseph Nichols officiated. W. H. Tammie and wife, of Hazel Green, were married at the same ceremony, she being a sister of the deceased. This marriage was blessed with nine children, four of whom died before they attained their majority, two others dying after they were married, leaving a family of only, the widow who survives him, R. A. Kash, of Gillmore, Frances E., wife of Oscar Fallen of Drysboro, and M. C. Kash of Farmers, Rowan county, Kentucky.

The deceased joined the Christian church at Hazel Green, under the preaching of Rev. (now Dr.) W. H. Tammie, in 1838, was a deacon of the church, and on Gilmore creek in 1844, and had held that office almost continuously till the time of his death, excepting about three and a half years, that he lived in Ohio during the late war. He always tried to live an exemplary Christian life, observing the golden rule, giving freely to the young, and was an earnest church worker, having taken a great many into the church by confession and baptism.

Although he was a constant sufferer from an incurable malady for over fifteen years, he bore it all with Christian fortitude, saying: "I have fought the good fight, the race is nearly finished, and I am ready to be offered when the Master calls for me."

O, when I think of the times that I have been called to his bedside in the last few years, and found him struggling it seemed with the last enemy, to hear him say: "My son, can you restore this ailing body, and give me a little peace for I fear nothing but the sting of death." But alas, medical skill and the science of man is inadequate to compete with that relentless foe. And now, sleeping upon the eastern hill top that overlooks the old homestead—the far where he had done so many honest days' toll for our supports, rests the honored remains of an affectionate father.

But oh, when I go to the place of my birth, where in childhood I've played at the door, to meet my old parents, the best friends of earth, dear father, I'll meet thee no more. But to a heart-broken and widowed mother, one remaining brother and sister, I will set us now, to mourn over the remains of our dear and sacred mother, and garland with the choicest flowers of spring time the spot that marks his last resting place, and there, amid mingled tears and sobs, refresh our memories with the good advice he gave us. So when the voice that called him hence shall summon us, from whom a good brief to part, may we join him in that world of rest and peace, "Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand."

While the years of eternity roll."

Farmers, Ky. M. C. KASH, M. D.

"So Clean" is the finest pure white soap ever introduced here. It is better than Cashmere Bouquet for the toilet, superior to Ivory for fine laundry, and ahead of Sapolio for the kitchen. One cake, 10c; 2 for 15c; 4 for 25c. Sold at this office only. +

Our Circuit Judge.

Judge Redwine, of Jackson, our circuit judge, came over Saturday night to be on hand for the trial of the trial. His address to the grand jury was thorough and comprehensive, and made a favorable impression on all who heard it. —Irvine Sentinel.



Think well, I beg of you, of the Fourth of July.

It is second among the feast days of the earth; for it was only in giving Christ to the nations that other is first.

Soften the man who scoffs at the Fourth of July. If you have children, teach them that man is no patriot. Train your pulses to thrill on this dawning of days. Reflect on the significance of the ringing of Liberty Bell. Read the great declaration, and warm the corners of your heart with its majestic fire.

Set a flag at your window. Light crackers by day, and pierce the sky of night with rockets. Let eye and ear and nostril herald to the brain a nation's natal day has come.

Be patient with those who weary of the Fourth of July. Be patient but strong. On those afar of hearts kindle a little of the fire, American patriot, that burns on your own. Feed it with reason. Fan it with hope. Enlarge it with the oil of glory. For the sum of our greatness is not yet half way to the zenith. And while Columbia's sons still love the stars and stripes, while they revere Bunker Hill and heroes of Washington, while they greet with hearty cheers each returning Fourth of July, that sun shall never decline to evening.

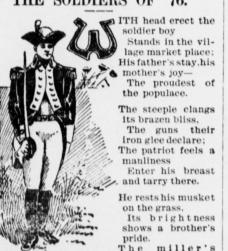
This is the best country. The larger race of a riper time finds here its richest home. Blessed is the child that is born here. Wise is the man that uses the good that awaits him here. Grand is the world that fills out the destiny promised America.

For across the chaff waste of Armageddon's wastes has come an army of peace that has conquered our bravery. On its unsympathetic ears our cheers for the 4th of July fall flat. Before its indifferent eye our flag is but cloth. To its million of children our history is a closed and unknown volume. Open that book, beg of you, and read them the noble deeds of the American. From the love in your heart glorify that flag of the free. With patriotic fervor teach them the music of "Hail, Columbia!" And attune the whole land to the hymn of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Or, if we fail in this, our nation shall die. The fires that burned dim and fitfully at Valley Forge, that sprung to life at Bunker Hill, that blazed and crackled in exuberant heat at Charleston, that mounted again at New Orleans, that would not be quenched at Gettysburg nor Richmond—this fire shall dwindle and die, till only the blackened ruins of hope shall tell where stood the American homes; till only the ashes of despair, wetted by tears of our sorrow, shall tell of a national disaster.

Think well, I pray you, of the Fourth of July.

THE SOLDIERS OF '76.



ITH head erect the soldier boy

Stands in the village market place.

His heart beats high, his mother's joy.

The proud one of the populous.

The young one of the brawny bairns.

The boy who wears their iron glee declare;

The patriot feels a manly heart.

Enter his breast and tarry there.

He rests his musket on the grass.

Its bright ness shows a brother's pride

the miller's daughter, bless the lass.

daughter, bless the lass.

the sword knot at his side.

What knoweth he of war, this youth

Reared in the tranquil arts of peace?

War's school is soon learned, in truth,

When shackled nations seek release!

Then comes the day when the line

Concretes all bones in a degree,

In language burning, just divine!

'Tis read, that Title of the Free!

'Tis read: from many a tender check

A teatite tear is brushed away.

And eyes weeping, in uttermost woe,

When the world is in a roar!

'Tis read: and souls that long have pined

In thrallion's cheerless, sable night

Rejoice, like those from cradle blind

When first they see the morning light.

But freedom smiles upon the strong,

Spurring the weaker sons of man,

The sword must ever aid the son!

He fought, that brave young villager!

He fought for parents, which could not fail,

He fought not back to tell the tale,

But came not back to tell the tale.

What a young man, a true son of man!

And while unfeathered pinions throb,

A comrade brought the knout he wore,

And they thanked Heaven through a sob!

Before the glorious day arose

To dash away the prison gloom;

Before the nightshade bore a rose,

He found a soldier's nameless tomb!

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"Me, Too, Pete."

One dollar and a half seems to stand in the way of a great many persons who would like to subscribe to the *Sentinel*. Gentlemen, we are sorry to report that the *Sentinel* is not the only paper in Estill county on one dollar a year; the experiment has been tried over and over again, and failure is the record against them all. We are not in this to fail; we are not in it expecting a support for ourselves and family; but we do expect our paper to pay its expenses, and we are not the only paper in Estill county. We are not kickers ordinarily, but we will say right here, that the Democrats of Estill are not doing their duty towards their county paper. We should have at the very lowest estimate 800 subscribers from their ranks, and we are ashamed to put in cold type the actual number. If we had 800 subscribers, we would be left. What's the matter with you? There are plenty of Democrats here able to buy the paper several times. You are not deserving of a country organ.—Irvine Sentinel.

What is true of the *Sentinel* is equally true of *The Herald* in this county. Democrats do not accord it the support it should have from them, and it has to depend too much on outside assistance.

Ladies, Ministers and Physicians

All Indorse the

ELECTROPOISE!

For Babies as Well as Old Folks. It is glad to tell you that Dr. Price has cured many of rickets and illness, the result of typhoid fever, as well as earach. Have used it in the family from mother-in-law 73 years old down to the baby, used it on the baby while teething and it worked like a charm. For throat trouble we have never found anything to equal it. Several of my neighbors are using it and are all well pleased. I can not say too much in praise of the Electropose.

Mrs. F. M. CALLAHAN, Verona, Ky. Brain Congestion and Vertigo Cured With the Electropose.

Sirs:—Last July I was taken with vertigo, a congestion of the smaller blood vessels of the brain (hyperemia). I could not study; everything I ate disagreed with me; at last I ate no solid food, but even soups and liquid food did not agree with me; I was induced to try the Electropose. In one night's time I was relieved from the disease and vertigo. I began the next day to study; I ate from that time what I pleased, and since then I have been a comparatively well man.

J. W. CLARK, M. D., Augusta, Ky.

ADDRESS

DuBois & Webb,
509 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

—NEW—

MILLINERY

Opera House Block,

LEXINGTON, KY.

—lot—

A new and carefully selected Stock of the

LATEST STYLES

and at prices that defy competition. Come and see us.

Respectfully,

Mrs. MAGGIE HOWARD.

W. : W. : FYVIE,

REPRESENTING

SANFORD, VARNER & CO.,

wholesale dealers in

CLOTHING,

121 and 123 Second Street,

PORTSMOUTH, O.

The trade of Eastern Kentucky is most respectfully solicited.



AT THE TOP

And Still Climbing!

Never content to keep company with the slow pace set by its country cousins, though always in sympathy with 'em,



of the country and the warm-hearted testimonials received by it from friends in all lands. The English damsel in Devonshire, the New England maiden of Maine, the sun-clad lass of California, the semi-tropical creole of Louisiana, and last, but not least, our own mountain pinks—all, indeed, who con the contents of its pages week after week—sing the same song of love. Nor is this all. A French humor-



THE : HERALD

of Hazel Green is a household word. Thus it is also a necessity to the wide-awake business man, and all who desire to "tickle trade that they may fill their coffers with cash," have their advertisements displayed in its columns from time to time. We might go



HON. C. B. HILL, OF BEATTYVILLE,
To the People of the Tenth Congressional
District of Kentucky.

A condition of political affairs in this district, peculiar, if not altogether unique, brought about by the withdrawal at this last day of the Hon. C. C. Little, your present representative, causes the way for the entrance of other aspirants; and, yielding to the solicitations of the Democracy of my own county and numerous friends in various parts of the district, and also embracing what appears to be a favorite opportunity to execute a well known wish on my own part by offering my services to the people. I hereby announce myself a candidate for congress, subject to the action of the democratic party.

Three months ago I was urged by many leading Democrats to take this step and the pressure at home was especially strong, but, impelled by the conviction that the Democratic custom of accepting a nomination by way of endorsement to a faithful representative should not be ignored in this case, I declined and dismissed all thought of entering the contest. The retirement from the race of the gentleman who was seeking this endorsement, and whom I could not get my consent to oppose without cause, removes the obstacle to my candidature. Now, however, you are faced with the duty which your circumstances impose of choosing among a number of candidates who must come before you on their merits and claim your support on the score of personal fitness, and fidelity to the indestructible principles of Democracy.

My duties and business experience ever since I arrived at the age of twenty-one have been in the line of public affairs, within circumscribed limits; it is true—and I have devoted no small part of my time and energy assiduously to the thoughtful consideration of questions of public policy and popular interest with a view to intelligently discharging my duties as a citizen, if nothing more.

Within the short time that intervenes between the present and the date of the county conventions I shall be driven by the exigencies of the case to limit my canvass to only a few counties of the district and shall not be able to see many of you in person and express my views on public questions in your presence, and I hope, therefore, that in performing the sacred duty that devolves upon you as citizens and voters you will act with patriotic deliberation. Respectfully,

C. B. HILL,
Beattyville, Ky., June 11, 1894.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve months old child suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been wenched at four months old and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then suggested the father to go to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used, a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and I believe the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by John Rose.

Politics Versus Morality.

There is a great deal more politics than morality in the bitter crusade now being waged by Col. Breckinridge in the congressional districts. Breckinridge was guilty of licentious conduct. His sin found him out. He acknowledged it with manly straightforwardness and promised to lead a better life. So far as the public is informed he is keeping his pledge. He has been received back into the church, is supposed to have been for given by God and sin no more—who gave the thief on the cross and those who shed His own blood; yet the professed christians in the Ashland district positively decline to forgive Col. Breckinridge. Men and women who would shirk "blasphemer" and "infidel" until their throats were parched with dried saliva, are still more uncompromising than Uriah's wife or Solomon's notorious sentinel, are whersing and resolving to the effect that the commonwealth of Kentucky will be "forever disgraced" if the repentant Breckinridge is returned to congress. They are not only striving to encompass his defeat, but are pursuing him with a persistence and vindictiveness and a spitefulness in unnecessary rancor as that which distinguished the heresy hunts of the seventeenth century. The bitter war now being waged on Col. Breckinridge is not religion, it is not Christianity; it is not the interest of morality; it is politics pure and simple. There are others who covet his seat in congress. There are but one vulnerable spot in his long public record—his penchant for pretty women.

He is a magnificent specimen of intellectual manhood. His war record was a brilliant one. His Democracy is above suspicion. He has ever been devoted to the best interests of his state and there is not gold enough in the great round world to influence his public acts. Should his one fault damage his popularity? The express does not deny it, but it does say that "not one hair—Dian cast stones at Breckinridge his life would be in no immediate danger—and if only Sir Galahad were eligible to congress that more or less honorable body would not get a quorum in a thousand years. Only quorum indifferent to beauty's blandishments had been permitted to the bright nation in her legislative halls the brightest stars in her intellectual crown of glory would never have illumined the world.—San Antonio (Texas) Express.



BY HOWARD CARLETON TRIPP.

When Independence day comes round,
Joe whi-ki-ker! How father sings!
You'd think he'd never get along;

And mortgage on the world of song;

He struts about much like a bird;

That's when it worn a wavy prize,

He stands up so tall, so absurd,

Alot he looks with eagle eyes;

At every patriotic word.

When Independence day comes round.

When Independence day arrives,

Joe whi-ki-ker! But father's voice

Keeps bidding all masked—"Rejoice,"

It seems a patriotic drum;

He'll proudly don his Sunday clothes,

He's off to the shiny hoe,

He to the celebration goes,

He's off to the shiny hoe,

He to the shiny hoe,

He to the shiny hoe,

He to the shiny hoe,

When Independence day comes.

When Independence day gets here,

Joe whi-ki-ker! Then father's joy

Makes him appear an awkward boy,

With acts and words, oh, so queer!

The actions that make him a jester,

The actions that proclaim the day,

Our highest ideals all eclipse—

He gives his memory full play;

And puts his heart into his play;

When Independence day gets here.

When Independence day arrives,

Joe whi-ki-ker! No day of earth

Has quite so much of royal worth,

Or day on which you'd like to meet

Our day of day. We date from thee,

Man's spindly birth to grand powers,

The spirit of the great and free,

Our day of day, and day of day!

Our freedom came from God through thee,

When Independence day arrives.

When Independence day gets here,

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PEIRCE AMERSON'S WILL.

BY
RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

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CHAPTER V. CONTINUED
He seemed to hesitate, but presently cried, though not very loud:

"Well, if this isn't the unexpected, not to say foolish and cussedest, piece of stuff I ever knew or heard of? There's the will in the court of probate that old Mr. Flint, as respectable a fellow as Baldwin himself, swore he signed, and swore he and the others witnessed. I mean to answer every single question was put to him; and you, who know nothing about such things, and who don't care, and never did care, for my interests, although they're your own besides, you take it upon yourself to call it an outrage, and insinuate that I ain't afraid to talk to me in that way."

Then he rose and stood looking down upon her. She saw not into his eyes, but he saw into hers, and in them was all the bravery with which innocence when feeling the Almighty's presence can withstand other might, however strong, angry and threatening.

"Afraid to talk to you thus? Why I bless God for the fear I have to talk to you otherwise. Powerful as you are, Willy Amerson, you can't make me afraid to talk upon anything which God may see fit to prevent. It may be His will that you be not hindered from striking me. If so, that will be done! Many far better than I have suffered such things, and harder. But I don't believe it. Would you know why? Not because of any manliness in your being that would fit the capable for that. It will be on your mind, because you know that my brother Gilmer, when he heard it, would at first sight of you shoot you down. Oh, no. Oh, no. In my thoughts of you have many painful emotions, but never one of personal fear."

Overcome, he resumed his chair, and almost humbly:

"I didn't mean to threaten you, Julia, and you must know that nothing could do more to you than to be so excited because you seemed to suspect. I really like to know what you suspect, and what you are going to do about it."

"I hardly know myself what I do suspect. But nobody among those who knew your father and brother can fail to believe that there is fraud somewhere in the matter of that will. As for my wife, she affects to chide for disregard of your interests. I have known, unavoidably and most unwillingly, too much of your dealings with mankind not to contemplate with some sort of apprehension every new increase of your possessions. In this feeling I say to you that I do not believe your father ever made but one will, and that paper now in court is that I think you know what it will obliged him to believe. As for what I am going to do about it, I know not, except to feel added thanks that my departure from this life is near, and to ask the Almighty to hasten it. You know very well that my loyalty, slighted as it has been, insulted, beaten down and trodden upon, never goes to betray itself. But I hope it will be able to control the will to which you are exposed, and, for your own sake, do something to avoid it. For your sake, I say, not mine, for there is nothing which would be possible to any endeavors you might make which would separate my being from yours, farther than already it has been driven. That you will make offers of some sort of compromise with your son, I have little doubt; what will come of them, but I have been so prostrated by this new trouble that I cannot say any more."

Then she rose and retired to her chamber. He sat and communed with himself for several hours.

CHAPTER VI.

At a corner of Greene street, into which one emerged from the Capitol square while moving into the main business part of town, opposite the Hudson tavern, stood a drinking-house known as the "Big Indian," from a large red wooden statue that stood at the entrance of the nearly always open door. It was a low, ugly, sprawling, sprawling, building, making up the want of a second story with four rooms added to its rear. It was kept by Augustus Rachels, a middle-sized, reddish-haired bachelor, whom everybody liked. A temperate, even an abstemious, person himself, his stock was kept equal to that of any similar establishment in the same vicinity of Augustus. Not only men, but women had respect and even some affection for him. It was well known not only that he did not encourage immoderate drinking, but that, as far as his native modesty would allow, he warned against it, particularly in the cases of youth and respectable married men. Many a time had he been known to disside from indulgence beyond the degree of safety, and prevail in substituting for

the most of the best of 'em, even if he isn't any more than a gravekeeper."

Among the listeners was old Mr. Lishy Flint, who lived near the Enlow, and near where the Amersons dwelt before they moved to town. Once or twice a month, on a Saturday, he came into town, and, after taking a toddy at Rachel's, walked and sat about the streets, waiting for it to be time for him to start upon his return home. His chief boast was that he was a law-abiding citizen, whose advice to everybody would be to keep out of disputes of every kind, except such as were harmless in their possible consequences, and when these were serious to submit to reasonable compromises rather than to go or be plunged in judicial litigation.

"And who would you put down for the bad ones, Owen?" he asked.

"Well, now, Uncle Lishy," Carruthers answered, "there isn't, to my opinion, there isn't what I'd call a bad person in the whole town—that is, among my acquaintance of respectable rank, which is good deal extensive, if I say it. Now, for instance, there's Mr. Amerson—Willy Amerson, I mean—that some people don't seem to think

strong drink a cup of hot coffee takes to the temples of his back rooms and putting him in the charge of Abram, his black man-of-all-work. Not a few wives thanked him privately, or sent him nosegays, either for bringing their husbands home of nights or for taking care of them in his own quarters. Almost everybody often had some pleasant, kindly word to say about him, and he was well liked. Mrs. Babow, Hannah's mother, had come to Milledgeville when a poor boy, and now was making a comfortable living in a business which, although not among those of first-class respectability, was better, he felt, than some; and whatever apology was due for following it he made by entirely fair dealing, and, remaining from meddling in the affairs of anybody else, and doing such little kindnesses as his opportunities allowed.

One who for some years had been receiving from him charities of one sort and another was Owen Carruthers, a young man who, despite the decadence coming upon irregular habits, was always near in appearance as well as in strength, and in physique. His purse was rapidly spent a few years ago, just after his father's death. He lived with his mother in a small house on Franklin street, south of the Capitol square, and had formerly worked at odd times in the office of his father, who for a long time was clerk of the superior court. Owen had always been his successor if he had wished for him to succeed in the office of the man of an expertness quite beyond that of his father. But he chose to indulge freedom from the restraints of nomenage in other ways. Occasionally, either to accommodate or to refill his empty purse, he would do a little clerical work for a merchant or an official in the statehouse. He was of slight

"IT'S AS RESPECTABLE AS YOU'LL GET,"

so very much of him, but in the dealings I've had with him he's been perfect square, and even liberal. Of course he's a man that wants whatever's done for him done to his direction, but I have frequent heard him say, when I've been doing business for him in his office, that he would like to know why some people think not as well of him as he hope he deserves."

"Well, Mr. Amerson would want to have my opinion of a matter of that kind. I should tell him plain, like I hinted to him the day his father's will were proved, that people would think more of him if he weren't so grumpy in his trainin', and special if he weren't so satisfied with the holt he have on a'mighty high the whole of his father's property, and the like. I'd tell him, as I members you like me was one of the witnesses to that will, which as I told him to his face I'd never a'signed witness if I'd, a' knew what it were, that I suppose, maybe you did."

"I didn't, Uncle Lishy; I declare I didn't—not at the time. It ain't the exact kind of a will I'd have made if I'd been in it. The old Amerson's place, but still the law's the law, and I never stand it, in such cases, and if I hadn't been laid up with the rheumatism I'd have been obliged to swear same as you did, that I thought the old man's mind sound as anybody's when he signed."

"Of course, of course, and I'm not a' bad breeder, we'll's wills that's made up like we've got, but I'm a'positibly—but it seem to me wrong and not right for Willy to not make no sort o' compromise with Cullen that he's oblieged to know his father's mind when he made the will was o'prated ag'inst Cullen's wife, which he know to havn't been good reason."

"There is why people don't think as high of Wiley Amerson as he want 'em to."

"Well, you know a man generally feels like he ought to praise the bridge that takes him over safe."

"'Jes' so, Owen. I ain't a-blamin' of you. I'm only sayin' what I do about Wiley Amerson a not knowin' how it is people thinks no higher of him."

"Well, I knowed it, after I seen Carruthers repaired to the "Big Indian," when he repeated the conversation with Mr. Flint. Rachels said:

"It was a blamed mean will. You didn't know what was in it when you signed it as a witness, did you?"

"No; and if I had, it was none of my business, as I was Mr. Amerson's clerks."

"Did you know afterwards?"

"Yes; but in a business way, and I don't feel like talking about it. What I want is a drink, and I haven't got the money to pay for it."

"I'll give it to you, Owen, but I've got to do the pourin'. If you could only but know it, you've got enough inside of you now, that's a' good thing, to know that I'll pour you out a moderate respectable dram. And I want to tell you, don't you get mixed up with Wiley Amerson's popularity. As for poor Cullen, everybody knows he's worth more than the double of him; but his business ain't mine, no more 'Wile's is yours."

"Lord, Mr. Carruthers, I know you're all good, of course, with a few exceptions no time to stop and mention. But outside of them, that of course natchly claims to be perfect, my opinion is Gus Rachels is a man that ain't so very far

behind the most of the best of 'em, even if he isn't any more than a gravekeeper."

Among the listeners was old Mr. Lishy Flint, who lived near the Enlow, and near where the Amersons dwelt before they moved to town. Once or twice a month, on a Saturday, he came into town, and, after taking a toddy at Rachel's, walked and sat about the streets, waiting for it to be time for him to start upon his return home. His chief boast was that he was a law-abiding citizen, whose advice to everybody would be to keep out of disputes of every kind, except such as were harmless in their possible consequences, and when these were serious to submit to reasonable compromises rather than to go or be plunged in judicial litigation.

"And who would you put down for the bad ones, Owen?" he asked.

"Well, now, Uncle Lishy," Carruthers answered, "there isn't, to my opinion, there isn't what I'd call a bad person in the whole town—that is, among my acquaintance of respectable rank, which is good deal extensive, if I say it. Now, for instance, there's Mr. Amerson—Willy Amerson, I mean—that some people don't seem to think

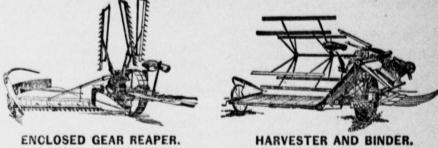
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so very much of him, but in the dealings I've had with him he's been perfect square, and even liberal. Of course he's a man that wants whatever's done for him done to his direction, but I have frequent heard him say, when I've been doing business for him in his office, that he would like to know why some people think not as well of him as he hope he deserves."

"Well, Mr. Amerson would want to have my opinion of a matter of that kind. I should tell him plain, like I hinted to him the day his father's will were proved, that people would think more of him if he weren't so grumpy in his trainin', and special if he weren't so satisfied with the holt he have on a'mighty high the whole of his father's property, and the like. I'd tell him, as I members you like me was one of the witnesses to that will, which as I told him to his face I'd never a'signed witness if I'd, a' knew what it were, that I suppose, maybe you did."

"I didn't, Uncle Lishy; I declare I didn't—not at the time. It ain't the exact kind of a will I'd have made if I'd been in it. The old Amerson's place, but still the law's the law, and I never stand it, in such cases, and if I hadn't been laid up with the rheumatism I'd have been obliged to swear same as you did, that I thought the old man's mind sound as anybody's when he signed."

"Of course, of course, and I'm not a' bad breeder, we'll's wills that's made up like we've got, but I'm a'positibly—but it seem to me wrong and not right for Willy to not make no sort o' compromise with Cullen that he's oblieged to know his father's mind when he made the will was o'prated ag'inst Cullen's wife, which he know to havn't been good reason."

"There is why people don't think as high of Wiley Amerson as he want 'em to."

"Well, you know a man generally feels like he ought to praise the bridge that takes him over safe."

"'Jes' so, Owen. I ain't a-blamin' of you. I'm only sayin' what I do about Wiley Amerson a not knowin' how it is people thinks no higher of him."

"Well, I knowed it, after I seen Carruthers repaired to the "Big Indian," when he repeated the conversation with Mr. Flint. Rachels said:

"It was a blamed mean will. You didn't know what was in it when you signed it as a witness, did you?"

"No; and if I had, it was none of my business, as I was Mr. Amerson's clerks."

"Did you know afterwards?"

"Yes; but in a business way, and I don't feel like talking about it. What I want is a drink, and I haven't got the money to pay for it."

"I'll give it to you, Owen, but I've got to do the pourin'. If you could only but know it, you've got enough inside of you now, that's a' good thing, to know that I'll pour you out a moderate respectable dram. And I want to tell you, don't you get mixed up with Wiley Amerson's popularity. As for poor Cullen, everybody knows he's worth more than the double of him; but his business ain't mine, no more 'Wile's is yours."

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For the benefit of the ladies of Hazel Green and vicinity, I have opened a GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS STORE at my residence in Hazel Green, and will carry a complete line of the following articles, which will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES, viz:

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Ladies' Gloves, Ladies' Trunks, Curling Irons, White Dress Goods, Silk Laces—black and white, Ladies' Slippers, Complete line of Hosiery, Elastics, etc., etc.

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My stock will embrace every article of Ladies' wear, in the latest style just from the clip, as well as other articles of apparel, to suit the taste of the ladies, and also do Dry Cleaning, Tailoring, &c., will cut out and make dresses to suit the latest time prices. Best system of cutting by the Buddington Cutting Machine, which was awarded first premium at the World's Fair, 1893. *Miss LURA RAWLINGS*, of Covington, Ky., well and favorably known to the ladies of this vicinity, will be my assistant. Your trade is respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Very respectfully,

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here are with which the weak person generally has to contend.

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WORRY lights the candle at the other end, and never pays at all.

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